

Wm Schlander

EPHISTAXIS



VOLUME XXV. 1936

IRVING WARREN



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SURGICAL and MEDICAL INSTRUMENTS

BRITISH MANUFACTURE

On the Decline of Epistaxis

It seems to me that recently
This magazine superb,
Has risen from its lowly bed
Till chin upon the curb.
It gazes ever upward
With a beatific look,
To the purer lofty level
That awaits a noble book.

Its jokes have now become devoid
Of any vulgar reek;
Its stories will no longer bring
A blush to maiden cheek;
In fact the entire magazine
Once proud in its disdain
Of purity, has come to be
The doctor's "Chatelaine".

We all admit that cleanliness,
Of mind, as well as body,
Is much to be preferred to that
Which savours of the shoddy;
And yet when "Daffydil" comes round
I make so bold to utter—
Regardless of the purist's scorn—
"I rather like the Gutter!"

"BRICK" SLOAN

DEDICATION

TO THE LAUGHING GHOSTS OF FORMER DAFFYDILS,
AND THE UNCONCEIVED EMBRYOS OF FUTURE SHOWS,
THIS MAGAZINE IS SINCERELY,
IF NOT VERY RESPECTFULLY,
DEDICATED.

Editorial

Dear Readers :

The statement has been made that Epistaxis is a haemorrhage of words and an anemia of ideas. In reply to this, let us state that liver therapy has been instituted and we hope that any minor transfusions will not be too noticeable.

Epistaxis, in common with the rest of the Daffydil committee, finds itself in a rather pleasant but nevertheless awkward position this year. For the first time in the history of the show, a three-night performance is being given. Our only answer to the increased demand for seats is an attempt to maintain, or if possible, even raise the standard of former years. Such a task necessarily imposes certain extra responsibilities, and it is gratifying to see how everyone connected with Daffydil has co-operated. We wish to make it clear that we in no way are trying to establish a precedent. Although gratified by the response to our efforts, we have found that there are many factors in connection with this extra night that have to be considered. But enough of this.

We wish to thank the various contributors for their help and congratulate the prize-winners on their success. We ask you not to forget that it is our advertisers who have made this magazine possible and hope that your patronage will reward them for the confidence they have placed in us.

And now on with the show. As Dr. Ball once said, "It's a grand, crazy, glorious night." As such we offer Daffydil to you and Epistaxis with it—may it bring a laugh to your lips, a blush to your cheeks, and be accepted in the same spirit in which it is offered.

W. BRESLIN.

PRIZE-WINNERS.

COVER—I. Warren, Fifth Year.

BEST CARTOON—W. Rice, Fourth Year.

BEST POEM—"Brick" Sloan, Fourth Year.

BEST PROSE—I. H. Shleser, Fifth Year.

SPECIAL THANKS—Dario Carpeneto, Fourth Year.

I. J. Speigel, Fifth Year.

R. E. Haist, Sixth Year.

Frank Merriwell at Varsity

CHAPTER ONE.

"Hello Fellows," said a cheery voice and I was given a slap on the back that made me wince. There beside me stood Frank Merriwell, winner of the Dill Pickle and Toads scholarships, President of the Medical Society, A.O.A., and Captain of the Rugby Team. This was to be Frank's last year at school and he was determined to make it one remembered by everybody.

CHAPTER TWO.

The Baxter Boys, Full, Quarter and Half, stood whispering in the halls of S.P.S. They were whispering because they were afraid if they talked any louder the walls would cave in. Besides they were dirty guys. As they talked an evil glitter came into Quarter's eyes and his sibilant whisper echoed menacingly through the corridor.

"We'll sic 'Two-Bit Annie' on him. She'll tire him so that he can't compete in the assault." A look of fierce determination came over his handsome but sullen face. "Medicine shall not win the fencing championship!"

CHAPTER TWELVE.

Frank's lithe body stood poised an instant over the Hart House pool. A cry of admiration went up as his clean, fine body clove the murky waters. (Sorry, Warden.) With long, powerful strokes he reached the opposite side of the pool and with every muscle rippling in his fine, clean body, swung up over the side and sank exhausted on the floor.

"Ha, Ha," snickered Quarter, who was looking. "Ha, Ha," he snickered. Dick, Frank's brother, turned on him in rage and pushed him, fully clothed, into the water. The onlookers roared as Frank said, "Ha, ha, whose got change for a quarter?"

"You're a scream, Frank," said Dick, as he looked admiringly and yet somewhat enviously at his brother. Little did he know that he, too, would some day be as famous as his brother—but see "Dick Merriwell at Yale", "Dick Merriwell at Cornell", "Dick Merriwell at Vassar", etc. Came the dawn.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

Frank sat in his room smoking and studying. The hour was late. As he muttered to himself (see speech, A.O.A. banquet, 1933. "I always study best when I mutter.") clouds of smoke drifted idly around his youthful, eager face. "The relations of the left metatarsal artery are" — — he was saying when there came a knock at the door and without even a "by your leave", (yes, madam, I'll buy your goddam leave!) in undulated the most beautiful blond Frank had ever seen.

"You are Frank," she breathed through half-parted lips.

"Yes," replied Frank, with half-parted hair.

"Darling," said Two-bit Annie, for it was she—sent to seduce Frank and make him useless for the next day's encounter by the Baxter Boys.

Came the dawn, but nobody paid any attention.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX.

Came the dawn and the day of the finals in fencing. The whole university was all a-dither for Frank's opponent was to be none other than the famous French swordsman, Rascal Gréham.

It was three o'clock, the hour of the match. A great hush overspread the crowd for Frank had lost the first two whatever you call fencing things and it was to be the best three out of five.

In Frank's corner was his brother Dick, Dean Fitzgerald and the Four Marx Brothers. There was sadness in their eyes as they looked at Frank's fine body—

now sunk in weariness. In Rascal's corner were the Baxter Boys, Hailie Selassie and Harry the Horse. All of them were smiling triumphantly. Suddenly a figure broke from the crowd and made its way to Frank's corner. It was Harvey Cushing. "Take this," he said—as he thrust some oyster extract into Frank's mouth.

CHAPTER XXXVI and CONCLUSION.

It was the fifth and deciding fall. Frank had shown an incredible change of form. As Two-bit Annie, who was watching, said: "My Gawd!" and no truer word was ever spoken. Balanced beautifully on his classical feet, he thrust and parried, parried and thrust at a bewildered Gréham. Rascal's breath came hoarsely as he muttered such words as "Diable", "Chien", "Qu'est que c'est" and other epithets. Suddenly Frank turned to smile at Elsie Dinsmore, his bebrotheled. There was a sudden lunge, a cry from Frank, of not so much pain as indignant surprise. "Foul!" cried the audience. Rascal's head was bowed on his chest. "I didn't know what I was doing," he said. The Baxter Boys escorted him from the ring saying, "Your goose is cooked, now." and thus we leave Frank triumphant, to be seen no more until May 13.



Transition

(Memories recorded by a patient of L. D. C., St. Louis.)

A single night in Venus' arms I spent
And went away delighting in the bliss,
Soon, I returned to beg another kiss,
To find her gone, nor knew I what it meant.

But soon the empty altar, as I gazed
Was changed, and there appeared another shrine,
Soon I had recognized this new divine
As Mercury, now to the altar raised.

And so into his court I entered in,
And this unceasing slavery began,
Great needles into muscles, veins and skin,
Inject Tryp-Arsamide and Salvarsan;
So must I still do penance for my sin
Till I can gain the minus Wasserman.

What is the difference between a model woman and a woman model?
Ans.—One is a rare impossibility, the other is a naked fact.
* * *

An American bride (after an early morning walk) came to the supposed door of the nuptial chamber: "Honey, it's me, let me in." No answer. "Honey, it's me, open the door." Still no answer. "Honey, honey, don't you hear?"
Gruff male voice: "Madam, this is a bathroom, not a damned bee-hive!"
* * *

A well-built girl is like a three-ring circus—a fellow doesn't know where to look first.
* * *

A necking party may be more fun than a circus, but in the case of the latter you don't get a letter a couple of months later asking you to show up at winter headquarters to marry the elephant.
* * *

Then there's the man who had to quit drinking because of the wife and kidneys.

Medical Arts
BARBER SHOP

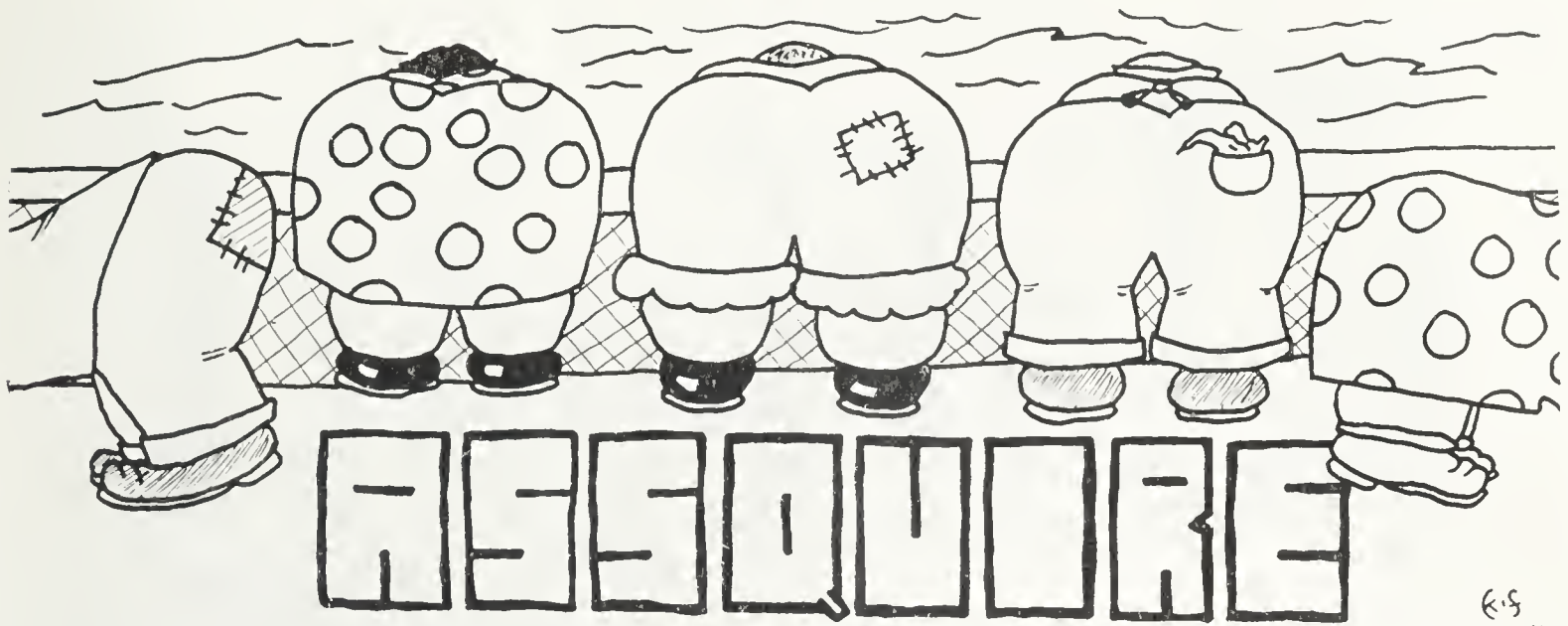
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Dr. John Hepburn paid me 15c to print his name here—JOHN HEPBURN.



Sound and Flurry

Dear Ed. or whatever your name is:

Have read and enjoyed your very interesting magazine. If you should ever consider giving up Medicine and going into the magazine business, I would be glad to have you on my staff.

Sincerely,

P. Smith (Editor of Police Gazette)

* * *

Dear Editor:

Sir! While picking up butts from the gutter, as part of my official duites as a member of the W.C.T.U., I was horrified to find a Medical student lying among the debris. On turning him over, I found a copy of Epistaxis beneath him. I thought it only my duty to look through your publication. A complaint has been lodged and I trust you will hear more of this.

Yours indignantly,

Elmira Zauerpuss.

* * *

Dear Editor:

We have read your magazine with keen interest. It's just the kind of thing we like.

Napoleon (Cell 606, Psychiatric)

P.S.—If I can sneak out sometime, I'll be up to see you.

Ed. Note—Maybe I'll be up to see you.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I am a farmer who has worked very hard to send my son to Medical College. Until reading your magazine, I thought smut was a disease of wheat. I have learned differently.

I remain,

A farmer.

* * *

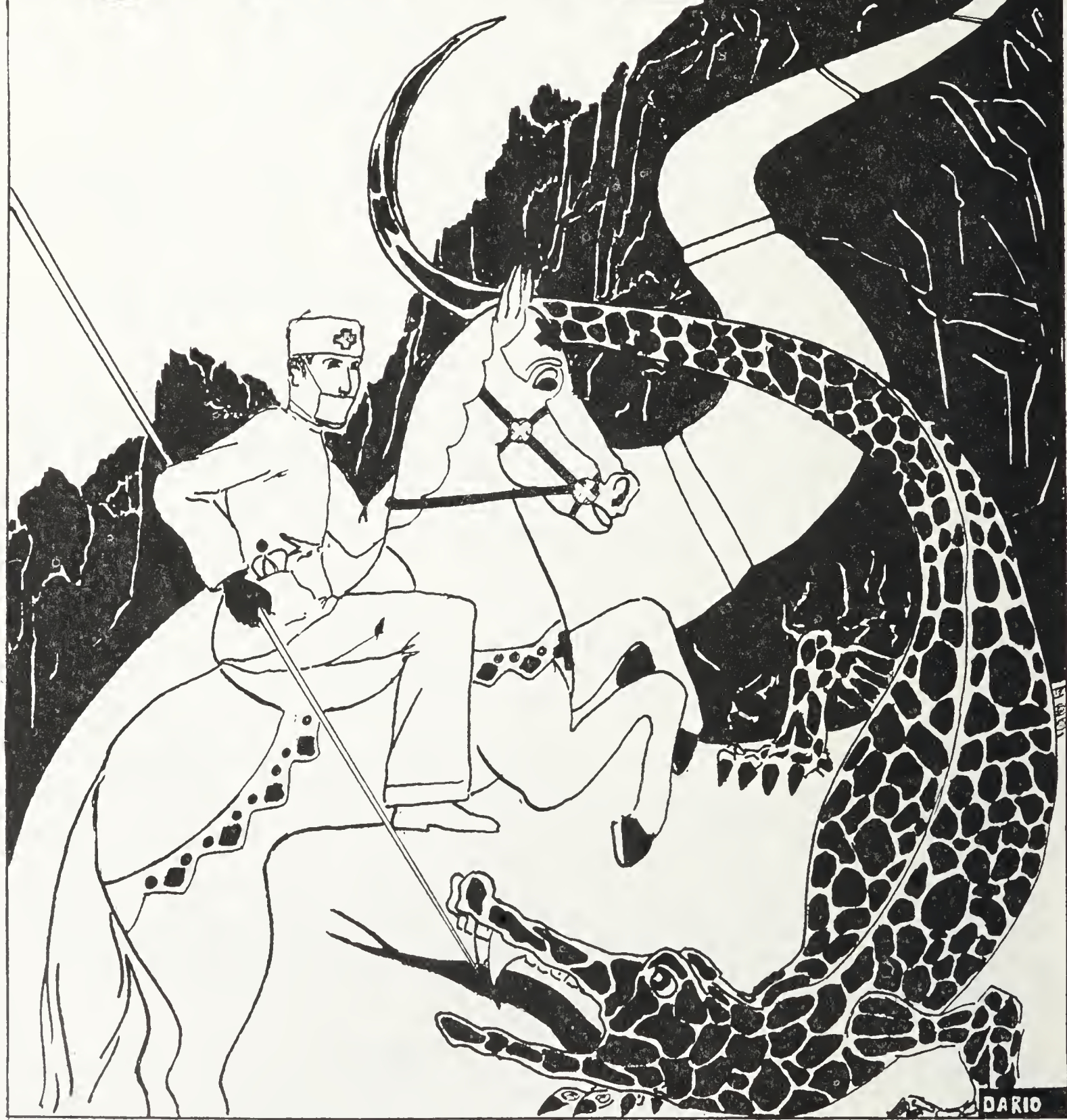
Dear Editor:

I have taken the liberty of distributing your very excellent magazine to the members of my bible class. Keep up the good work.

Yours sincerely,

Benton Massey.

Das fuge



BY PERMISSION OF THE SYNDICS OF HART HOUSE THEATRE

The Daffydil Committee

ON BEHALF OF

THE MEDICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

COYLY PRESENTS

DAFFYDIL NIGHT

FOUNDED 1895

The Daffydil Committee of 1936

Chairman—F. P. Dewar	YEAR REPRESENTATIVES
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Banquet Manager—A. W. Bagnall	Fourth—A. Smith
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Assistant Musical Director—T. West	Assistant Manager—M. H. Little
Director and Honorary Godfather—George Young.	

Daffydil Orchestra

PIANO: W. T. West, E. B. Tovee.

VIOLINS: I. Schlachter, M. E. Hall, I. Gordon, R. F. Keevil, J. H. Psachis, S. Horwitz.

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MISS DIAGNOSIS M.D. (MENTALLY DEFICIENT)
 or
THE MICROBES' HOLIDAY

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Miss Diagnosis M.D.—A very recent graduate who has obtained her internship mostly through pull—Miss Gladys Munroe

Patient I. Izzy Smelly.....	Miss Mary Sanderson
Patient II.....	Miss Florence Griffiths
Patient III.....	Miss Isobel McBeth
Nurse.....	Miss Wilva McIlmoyle
Dr. Smirlie Lawson.....	Miss Gerry Malonie
Microbes:—	
(a) B. tetani.....	Miss Peggy Harcourt
	Miss Aileen Boland
	Miss Jean Lang
(b) B. tuberculosis.....	Miss Mary Albertson
	Miss Jessie McGetchy
	Miss Muriel Wilford
(c) T. pallidum.....	Miss Maria Campbell
	Miss Joan Kelly
	Miss Dody Prowse

SCENE:—(a) Examination room of hospital in morning.
 (b) Same late at night.

Make-up and properties—Miss Laurella McLelland
 Miss Ann Keye

First Year kicks off with
THE EMBRYOLOGY OF A SKIT
 By P. D. Bankier

DRAMATIS PERSONNAE

Don—D. W. Aitken	Jim—E. F. Trow Jr.
Pat—P. D. Bankier	George—G. R. Walker
Red—L. S. Kramer	Ben—B. Winter
Herb—H. L. Taylor	Steward—A. E. Gooderham

Second Year delivers
CAESARIAN NIGHTS

DRAMATIS PERSONNAE

Brutus—D. R. Jones	Luigi—W. R. S. Wilson
Cleopatra—R. Bell	Annie Sphincter—P. F. McGoeys
First Eunuch—G. E. Penfold	First Musician—C. O. Muma
Second Eunuch—W. L. McGill	Second Musician—R. J. Northover
Caesar—C. B. Shier	

INTERACTS

I. H. Campbell and L. Hessin—	Piano and Dance Team
II. I. Speigel and W. Mustard—	Ventriloquist Act
III. A. Vaughan—	Punch and Judy Show
IV. W. Bigelow and W. Fleischman—	Character Sketch
V. W. Breslin and P. Baillie—	Mind Reading

Third Year point with pride at

THE STEWED PRINCE—A musi-comedy in three scenes

SCENE I—The Bacteriology Laboratory. SCENE II—The Prince's Bedroom—
"The morning after". SCENE III—The Garden.

DRAMATIS PERSONNAE

Prince Josif of Alluria (who suffers from Femme-phobia)—Charles Sheard.
Miss Peggy De Tesse (demonstrator in Bacteriology)—Terry West.
Villain (who wishes to assassinate Prince Josif)—Bernard Laski.
Prince's Bodyguard—Jack Holden.
Prince's Valet—Ken McAskile.
Students—Frank Cohen, Bev Hallam, John Rathbun, Jack Kettlewell,
Bill Wales.
Off-stage Noise—Pete Kinsey.

Fourth Year true to custom, musically presents

FAUST AND MADAME BUTTERFINGERS

A Coupla Opera By W. Breslin

EMETICS PERSIONI

Dr. Faust F.R.C.S. (Port Credit)—J. H. Baillie.
Mephistuffilis—"Brick" Sloan.
The Mandarin known as Loo—A. Smith.
Madame Butterfingers, better known as Phoo Hee—W. Breslin.
Len Yun, a Chinese waiter—H. Taube.
Reformer—W. E. Apted.
Stooge—L. Hessin.
Sailors—W. G. Bigelow, C. M. Fisher, J. E. Howes.

Fifth Year probes into

THE SHANKER MURDER CASE

Being a mystery which your old friend Dr. Sherlock Crawford revels in unravelling.

The audience is asked to laugh here and there—remember—the surly bird catches the germ and he who laughs lasts!

DRAMATIS PERSONNAE

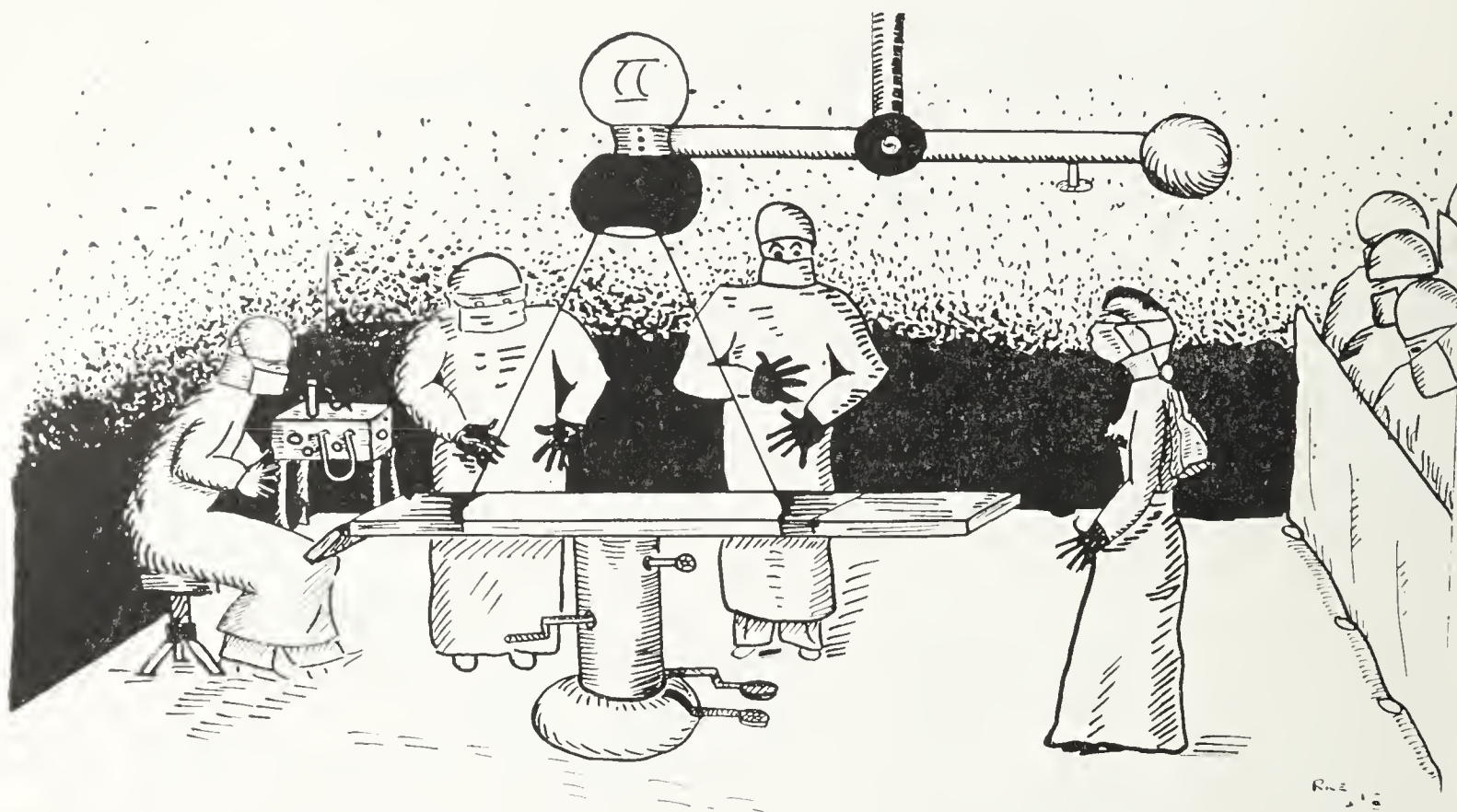
Judge—W. T. Mustard	Mr. I. Snoop—W. D. Stevenson
Sherlock Crawford—I. J. Spiegel	Miss Demeanor—M. O. Stout
Prosecution for the Crown—A. W. Sturgeon	Professor Morbid—W. M. Toone
Attorney for the defence—L. M. Greene	Professor Vilain—W. M. Toone
Clerk of Court—F. S. Dick	Mr. Period—W. D. Stevenson
Defendant—H. V. Slemon	Dr. Chloride—H. E. Robinson
	Jurymen—R. B. Jung, I. H. Shleser, E. V. Anten

Sixth Year ring the bell with

MAJOR BOWEL'S PROFESSIONAL HOUR

DRAMATIS PERSONNAE—in order of appearance:

Major Bowels—D. E. Starr	Dr. A. Brown—E. N. C. McAmmond
Dr. J. Mann—H. J. Bright	Dr. W. A. Scott—V. W. Markkanen
Dr. E. A. Linell—H. V. Rice	Dr. R. Graham—J. M. Mather
Dr. W. L. Holman—J. G. MacKenzie	Dr. J. A. Oille—W. A. Oille
Dr. B. Hannah—H. M. A. Boyd	Dr. D. Graham—A. E. MacPhee
Dr. C. H. Best—L. E. Ranta	Dr. W. R. Campbell—O. M. Solandt
Dr. S. Lawson—L. A. Walker	Dr. G. E. Wilson—D. E. Magner



What's the Matter with this Picture ?

WIN \$10,000

FIND THE MISSING PATIENT.

Our photographer has caught here an actual scene in the General Hospital. All that is missing is the victim. Can you find him? It's a cinche the staff can't.

Nothing to buy—nothing to sell.

Rules of the contest are as follows:

(1) The patient must NOT be an O.B. case as the necessary instruments are not in the picture.

(2) The patient must be found alive—if he's stolen from the basement at Banting he will be disqualified.

(3) No employees or relatives of employees of Epistaxis are eligible nor is the staff of the General.

(4) The patient must be found before February 31, 1937.

(5) All entries must be accompanied by two complete sets of Pathology slides, including the jokers.

Don't delay. Send in your entry TO-DAY!

* * *

Heart specialists take note. The bifurcation of the P-wave is not due to a crumb in the urethral opening.

* * *

She—"Every time I see you I think of a great man."

He—"You flatter me. Who?"

She—"Darwin."



IRRADIATED VITAMIN "D" MILK builds sound bone and teeth

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This milk is irradiated by exposure to powerful ultra-violet rays. It has been submitted for over eight years to extensive clinical tests and its anti-rachitic value has been observed in the cases of hundreds of babies.

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TORONTO

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Lonely-Hearts Club

This service is found only in Epistaxis. Free and constructive advice on all marital, social, and sexual problems. All letters treated confidentially by your own Uncle Jimmie.

Dear Uncle Jimmie:

I am a Medical student in Fifth year. My sex life is beginning to look like a page out of Krafft-Ebbing. I was using one of those damned automatic calendars that give the period of sterility and I turned it the wrong way. What can I do?

Joe.

P.S.—I tried ergot, but it didn't work.

Dear Joe:

Of course it is to be expected that out of all the thousands of letters received, there will be one or two that cannot be answered. Why don't you shuffle off to Buffalo.

Uncle Jimmie.

Dear Uncle Jimmie:

I am an orderly at the Sick Kids and sometimes I get, oh, so darn mad. You'd think people would have some consideration, but no. I suppose you can't really blame them, they're just children—but why do the doctors use the sheets for diagnosis?

A pan-handler.

Dear Pan-handler:

Have the little dears lie on their stomachs.

Uncle Jimmie.

Dear Uncle Jimmie:

I am a widow of twenty-three years, blonde and considered quite beautiful. I have a large home left me by my husband, who liked liquor and always kept a well-stocked cellar. I also have two cars, which I can't drive very well, and I'm very frightened when sleeping alone. I thought perhaps I could form a beautiful friendship with a Medical student. They're so understanding.

Dolores.

Dearest Dolores:

Your case touches me deeply. I will give it my personal attention, even though I shouldn't really take the time from my work.

Uncle Jimmie.

Curb Cigar Store

Corner

College and Bay Streets

Soda Fountain

and

Lunch Counter

Cigars, Cigarettes, Magazines

TONY BENEDETTO BARBER SHOP

JOE

TONY

JIMMY

Ha! Ha!

We are not poets,

We don't pretend to be,

But we are Master Barbers

From Sunny Italy.

COURTESY

SANITATION

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320 Bloor St. W. Opp. U.T.S.

Fine Arts

A review of current stage, screen, movie and artistic endeavours.

MOVIES—

Tale of Two Cities—Mae West is in again.

Dracula—Story about a bunch of bats. None of them are worth bothering about.

First A Girl—Another one of those damned operating room scenes, in which the surgeon changes the name from Mabel to Harry with a few quick stitches.

Magnificent Obsession—Similar to Private Worlds. Greta Garbo thinks she's the queen of May and dances around a pole. Maybe it's a Russian. The light was bad.

LITERATURE—

Magnesia—Walpole)—A moving story of inside life. Delightful continuity and plenty of action. 1936 Kitbitzer prize-winner.

Tony Liverwurst—(Hervey Allen)—Truly an epicac. Much cheaper than the "Five Foot Shelf" and just as effective. Also good for pressing pants.

A Stoolie Tells All—(Alan Brown)—Facts hitherto a secret, revealed in this sensational work. Not a book for children.

Foreign Lesion—(Oskar Klotz)—Life in the desert. A harrowing narrative with many cuwious conglomerations of words.

Bugs—(Bill Holman)—A hair-raiser. Makes your whole body itch with excitement.

MUSIC—

The Meddlesome Choir—A rich blending of voices, with choral effects that buggar description.

Ill Stevedore—Folk songs of the Southland in an original setting.

New York Philharmonica—One of the best mouth-organ bands in the country, led by Stanislouse Stokowsky.

ART—

The Last Supper—Rubens here has depicted on canvas a diabetic starting on a diet. Hldstrom, the Swedish critic, remarks, "Ay Ban Tink it's one of his Best."

The Coy Model—A nude, thank God. And very nice, too. Melrose 8673.

West Wind—An interpretive painting, in which the artist only partially succeeds in representing his idea of the surgery lecture.

The University of Toronto Press

for

PRINTING

The Crown Tailoring Co. Ltd., whose advertisement is found on page 31, wishes to make the following correction: University of Toronto Representatives are:—

Leo Tepperman, 139 Brunswick Ave., KI. 9793 S. N. Kesten, 146 Rusholme Rd., ME. 3723

Wm. Soren, 210 Northcliffe Blvd., KE. 9087 N. R. Bowles, 587 Spadina Ave., KI. 0854

John Reynolds, 539 Jarvis St., RA. 4376

THE STAGE—

Men in White—Stark realism. The D.S.C. comes to the stage and high time too. A nicely spread story.

Mary, Queen of Sluts—This play was banned in Canada, but if you ever get the chance, run over the line and see it. Worth two bucks any time.

Green Pastures—The predecessor to the eagerly awaited "Life of Pasteur". This play was written in the early stages of his work on beer. Get it?

Ghosts—Boo!

* * *

THE DOCTOR.

The doctor spends four years in college, acquiring academic knowledge;
Then four more years of drudgery before he merits his degree;
And after that some two years more in hospitals acquiring lore.

Then he hangs his shingle out and merely has to wait about
A half a dozen years until he earns a living by his skill.
But once his practice gets a start, his is an easy, pleasant art.
Requiring usually say, no more than sixteen hours a day,
Except when hurry calls arrive at three a.m. or four or five.
And it would cause your head to spin, the way the cash comes rolling in,
Though ordinarily delayed, till everybody else is paid,
The Doctor lives a merry life, and I am Julius Caesar's wife.

* * *

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Christian Science Monitor—Hmph!

Mail and Vampire—A good paper. We hate to suggest what it's good for.

Daily Star—Excruciating!

Canadian Medical Journal — We have absolutely no connection with this publication.

La Vie Parisienne—C'est grande! C'est magnifique! C'est la guerre!

Randolph Hearst—I wouldn't touch it.

* * *

DIARY OF A FOURTH-YEAR STUDENT.

(The pigeon English is spoken as a result of having sat on a stool so long.)

Alarm ring. I sleep. Alarm ring more. I sleep. Father give me konk on coco. I get up. I fall down. I wash, I dress, I go school. I fall asleep on street-car. I get off Maple Leaf Stadium. I get school 9.30. I polite. Not disturb professor. I sleep in cloak-room.

I go clinic. I listen heart. Heart not beat. I take cap off stethoscope. Heart beat. I hear soft diastolic murmur. Doctor hear rough systolic murmur. I polite. I hear rough systolic murmur. Doctor ask question on anatomy. I cough. I tell doctor I pass anatomy last year. I leave clinic. I sleep in cloak-room.

I go lecture. I wake up. Room empty. Hungry. I go eat. I come Pathology lab. 2.30. Doctor Robinson look at me. I polite. I not look at Robinson. I look in mike. Not see anything. I put on slide. I see red stuff. I try be smart. I ask smart question. Demonstrator say, "Obviously not—not possible." I polite. I shut up. I fall asleep on mike. I get black eye. I spill ink. Three o'clock. I sleepy. I go home. I sleep. Phone ring. Friend. After I leave they give out marks. I get "E." I smart. I go sleep.

BETWEEN THE HICCOUGHS.

Famous Medico weds Nurse—I have Tea at Mrs. Astor's—Dance Frocks This Season are Just Too Thrilling, SO THERE!

* * *

Whoops, my deah—have just had tea with Lady Astor's pet horse and he's just too, too I suppose I shouldn't say this, but he and a mare from the Whitney Stables are being heir-conditioned.

* * *

Nancy Pooper, the new directress of Hart House Theatre, announces the production of 50,743 new plays. "I think things are perfectly ducky," said Nancy, as she was caught leaving the Warden's apartments.

* * *

Dr. Frank, the great medico, is going to marry Jennie MacBean. "I'm so thrilled," said Jennie, "and besides opportunity knocks up but once."

* * *

Miss Ihyma Lahye, popular debutrampe, has a novel idea for a party. While explaining it to the judge last night, Ihyma broke down and sobbed, "How was I to know that my house was in disorder?"

* * *

Seen dancing at Ryan's Barbecue—Mrs. Partridge, in a perfectly swish black evening down; Miss Jones in blue taffeta, escort Dizzy Dean (Fitzgerald); Jean Lang in black and silver ensemble, looking just too darling, escorted by Gus McPhedran.

* * *

A lovely recipe for a nice quiet week-end. Two quarts Grand McNish . . . two quarts Gordon's Gin . . . two quarts Walker's Rye . . . one bottle rum . . . two gallons wine . . . one stomach pump.

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THE MEDICAL STUDENT DREAMS OF MAY.



"Let's open him up to see if there is ANYTHING in his head."

CUTE SAYINGS OF YOUR PROFESSORS.

Have you a cute professor in your course?

Epistaxis will pay five dollars for every cute saying accepted.

Doctor Roscoe Graham was at a party when ten years old. The hostess approach him and with that typical supersaccharine smile asked, "And well, my little man, what are you going to be when you grow up, a policeman?"

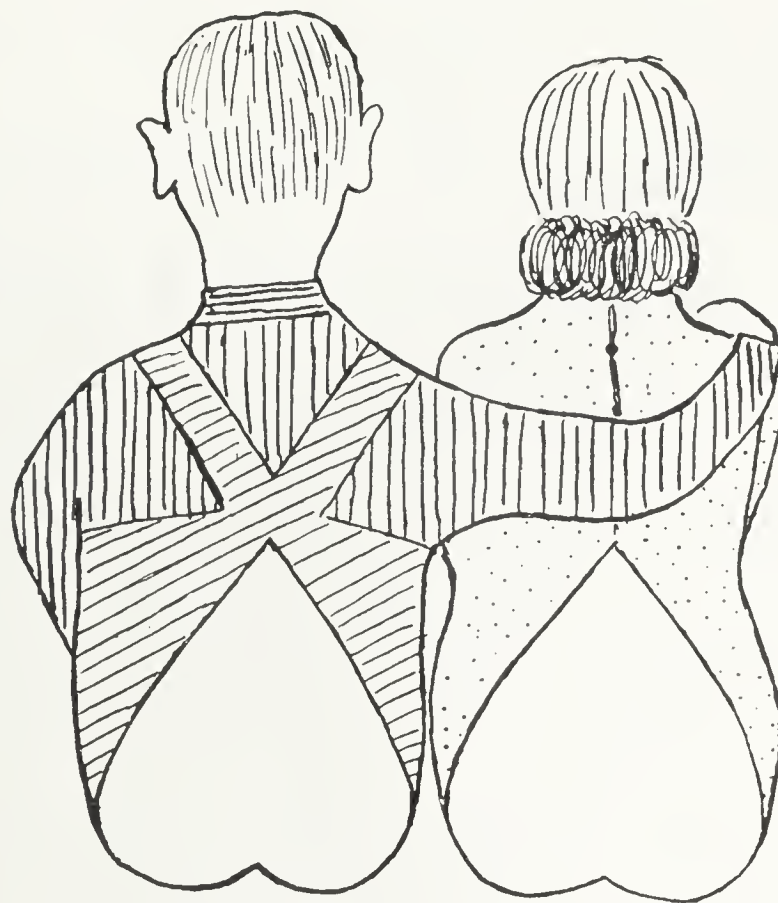
Little Roscoe blushed coyly and beneath lowered lids, stammered, "No mam, I'm going to be a rear admiral."

Doctor J. C. B. Grant, Professor of Anatomy, while doing a difficult piece of dissection one day, suddenly lost his temper as he accidentally cut the aorta. Dropping his scalpel, he leered at the subject, and in his cultured English voice muttered, "Ya big stiff!"

Doctor George Wilson, then age six, was surprised by his mother playing dice one day. After a severe scolding, he lifted his flushed little face and with his eyes glistening tearfully, exclaimed, "Why, mother, I want to know all about bones, so when I grow up I can write a book about them!"

ONLY IN PHOTOGRAPHS
Will College Days Always Be Remembered

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WILL YOU BE MY VALENTINE?

Dr. W. A. Scott, Professor of Obstetrics, when aged four, hesitantly asked his mother one day where babies come from. "Why, Billie dear," replied his mother, "the stork brings them." A smile sprang to Billie's lips and as far as we know, it's still there.

Dr. Dafoe, when a child, was caught wasting his Sunday collection money on a slot machine. When being scolded by his father, he answered, "Aw, lemme alone, maybe some day I'll get the jack-pot."

* * *

A judge was dubiously listening to the charges laid by an extremely large woman, who was accusing an equally small man of assaulting her. "I cannot understand," said the judge, "how a man of this size could have committed such an offense." "Well," replied the woman, "he used a pail." "I cannot understand how standing on a pail would help the situation." "But he didn't stand on it," replied the woman, "he pulled it over my head and hung on to the handle."

yeah, it's leap year



By Rice 3TB

Slush

MEDICAL STUDENTS ACQUITTED OF SERIOUS CHARGE.

In a daring exposee of life in the raw—rah! rah!—at Medical College, Slush, Friend of the People, brings you a thrilling episode in the hectic night-life of Toronto's underworld.

It was the morning of March 8th, and the manager of the King Edward Hotel was sobbing thankfully as the last of the members of the Daffydil Banquet was carried out. Dodging a few bricks from the crumbling walls, he sank wearily into his chair, and breathed a sigh of relief. Little did he know that upstairs, four bodies were beginning to regain consciousness. Slowly one of the bodies raised itself from the floor and strangely enough began to speak, "C'mon, fellahs, lesh have some fun." As though portraying a small part of the resurrection, the other three things unsteadily gained their feet and stumbled blindly into the hall.

What happened next can be best described by Miss Rosie Glop, who was an eye-witness of the harrowing scene. "I'll never forget it," said Rosie, "never, as long as I live! There they were, bumping into the walls and wondering where to go when one of them discovered the fire-hose. 'Lesh have a bath,' he said and promptly proceeded to undress. The others followed suit and soon the four of them were running around naked as the day they were born, squirting water all over the place. One of them kept shouting 'Man the pumps, man the pumps,' while the three others tried to do a hornpipe. Then they saw me, and before I knew it, I was playing a game called Surface Anatomy. I kinda liked it at first, until the part where they drew a line from the umbilicus to the mid-Poupart point, I think they call it. That's when I drew a line, too. After all, a girl's got her career to think of." At this point Miss Glop began to weep bitterly and was nearly prostituted with grief. However she soon came round and continued her story. "I think," she went on, "they would have drawn that line, too, only the house detective appeared. They saw him and dashed into a room. That was the last I saw of them until I was called to identify them."

At this point, we present the court record of their appearance. "These men," said the sergeant, "were found practically naked, playing crap at the corner of Gerrard and Jarvis. Tied to a tree was a young girl who seemed to be enjoying the proceedings. One of the men was fishing in a sewer with a string of wieners tied to an umbrella. The girl was saying, 'I hope the one with the mole on his back



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wins.' I can't say as I blame her," said the cop, as he looked enviously at one of the prisoners. (Editorial note—That rumour about Zilch being dead is a lie.) The judge now interviewed them. "Don't you know dice-playing is prohibited on the Sabbath?" he asked. "We weren't playing dice, sir, we were playing monopoly." "And you," he asked, turning to the girl, "what about you?" "I'm a social worker. I'm secretary to the Society for Promotion of more Peace." "How are you making out?" "Well, a lot of people are interested, but they haven't got the money—a sort of fly-by-night existence." "Have you ever seen these boys before?" "Oh, yes, they're my most active supporters." Addressing the sergeant, the judge reviled him bitterly. "It's men like you who make our police force what it is to-day," and then to the prisoners, "Case dismissed, and may I see you in my chamber for a moment, miss?" "Oh, of course, but I must say that that's a hell of a place for a respectable girl. I don't see why you don't get modern plumbing!"

Thus ends the official story. Three days later the body of an S.P.S. was found floating in the Don river with "Agnes, Mabel and Becky" carved on his chest. Although police deny there is any connection between the two events, we are inclined to think differently. Watch for future developments.

* * *

Our idea of a swell job would be bell hopping at Whitney.

* * *

Two men went hunting and got lost in the woods. They saw a house and knocking on the door, found the only occupant to be a beautiful, young girl. She invited them in and after giving them dinner, showed them to their rooms.

In the morning she gave them breakfast and directed them on their way. Nine months later, one of the men called the other on the phone.

"Say," he said, "do you remember that hunting trip last year?"

"Why, yes, I do."

"You didn't happen to sleep with the young lady that night, did you?"

"Why, yes, I did."

"You didn't happen to mention my name, did you?"

"I hate to confess it, but I told her I was you."

"Oh, that explains it! I got a letter from her lawyer saying that she has died and left me all her property."

* * *

He—"How about some old-fashioned loving?"

She (coyly)—"Wait, I'll call down grandma."

* * *

I shot an arrow in the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where
I've lost a hell of a lot of arrows that way!

* * *

HMM

I sing, I rhyme, I proudly chant,
The praises of the elephant,
The things he does, poor me, just can't.
I'd like to have a nice long trunk,
And use it on my Prof.—the skunk!
Imagine having halitosis
And blowing water through your noses.

WHY IS AN OBSTETRICIAN.

They say that cancer specialists of carcinoma die,
 And all the ophthalmologists have lesions of the eye.
 Urologists get kidney stones, the skin men get chloasma,
 And Doctor Jones, the allergist, each fall comes down with asthma.
 Now tell me please if I am wrong, or this idea hazy,
 It seems that most psychiatrists, eventu'llly get crazy,
 The children's men get whooping cough, I cannot tell you why;
 No matter what your specialty, of that disease you die.
 I've pondered all these quirks of fate until I'm fairly dizzy,
 And to assure a lengthy life, I've kept my mind quite busy.
 I've thought of every specialty, excluded every maybe,
 And ended up an O.B. man—I'll never have a baby.

* * *

There is a story told of Dr. Gallie. He used to be very proud of his successful operations. One day he was showing a patient to another doctor and said, "Take a look at this patient! A year ago I operated on him for an undescended testicle and now he has to wear a truss!"

* * *

She wore a religious dress—sort of Lo and Behold.

* * *

It's apparent to me and to you
 That a queer looking thing is the gnu
 This seeming abortion
 Is all disproportion
 And a saddening thing 'tis too.
 The cow when in love belshes "noo"
 Let's consider the amorous gnu
 He never wastes time
 With moo—songs or rhyme
 And soon there's not one gnu but two.

Consider the case of the giraffe
 Though funny, I beg you don't laugh
 For Giraffes rather like to debauch
 And strange to say favour good Scotch
 But from the time that it gets in
 Till it reaches intestine
 The liquor's diluted in half.

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O beautiful rales,
 Ear's delight;
 Like bursting of
 The bubble bright.
 O Wondrous sound,
 My brain impinging;
 Flowing from
 The patient cringing.
 How I yearn,
 To hear your tinkling—
 To help me learn—
 To give an inkling;
 Is this case
 Consolidation
 Or is it
 Pleural exudation.

Ripple, ripple,
 Wave on wave;
 The inner side
 Of air tubes lave;
 Soon your sound
 Will be no more;
 Coughed from out
 The bronchus core.
 Out of the air cells
 Up and up
 Via the mouth to the sputum cup.

Alas and alack
 For your sweet refrain,
 Now you are looked on
 With damning disdain.
 You whose song
 Once mocked the lark,
 Lie in the cup, mucoid and dark.

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a baby all your own and yearn for
a baby's smile and a baby's arms,
do not give up hope. Write Burn-
side, Toronto, for helpful informa-
tion.

LULLABY.

Sleep, my little specimen, rest thy weary head,
 Slumber out thy Freudian dreams, upon yon downy bed;
 Father's in his office, darling, playing solitaire,
 For patients are a rarity and patients' cheques are rare.
 So slumber on, you have no care, you have no bills to pay.
 Let's hope that when your silken hairs have turned from gold to grey
 That doctors once again shall eat and Father do his share,
 And not spend all his office hours playing solitaire.

* * *

She—"Fancy you recognizing my face again. Why, you only saw me for a minute, and that must be over three years ago."

Nervous young man—"Oh! it wasn't your face I recognized, it was your dress."

* * *

A woman is always ready to take what's becoming to her.

* * *

Girls used to wear many unmentionables. Now they wear hardly anything worth mentioning.

* * *

The bathing suit is a garment with no hooks but plenty of eyes on it.

* * *

Many a girl has gotten into difficulty by obeying the boyological urge.

* * *

Some people have no respect for age unless it is bottled.

* * *

Flattery is soft soap and soft soap is ninety per cent lye.





A Lay of Lethe

If a human form should flop unconscious at your door,
Do not throw a fit yourself, or shout or Gods implore.
Keep your head, and this mnemonic prominent in view—
That the cause is A or E or I or O or U.

A's for alcoholism and apoplectic shock,
An overdose of bootleg hootch, or cerebrum gone crock.
E's for epilepsy; it's a most alarming fit;
The way you spot it from the rest is that the tongue is bit.

I's for injury to head, concussion or compression
A victim of a bandit or a fracture with impression.
O's for opium, the stuff that's smoked in Limehouse joints;
Raise the eyelids and you'll find the pupils like pin points.

U is for uraemia, a critical complaint
Distinguished, by oedema, from an ordinary faint.
There also is the "unknown cause", but spite of views divergent
It must not be forgotten that the remedy is urgent.



WHY DOES COLD GOOSE ALWAYS GIVE ME THE HICCOUGHS—DOCTOR JONES?

To Free Love

(A Poem in Three Verses)

Verse One—

Tho' a lithesome lady and slightly
capricious
Whispered as shady, and in passion
vicious
Your coy, smug retreats
In moments of heat
Are scarcely nutritious.
My efforts I grant are ambitious,
I offer my hugs and my kisses
Just when things get quite expeditious,
Sweet climax!—I burp with radishes.

Verse Two—

Your figure is soft and yet firm, so be-
witching,
And mostly when forward your girdle
you're hitching,
Your short snaky wiggle
And sibilant giggle
Sets the cad in me twitching.

And so while we sit, your fair charms,
I extolling,
You acquiescent, yet all the while
stalling,
Slowly sink back—altho "no" you're
still calling
My lips close—whoops! I'm falling.

Verse Free—

Sycophant and Sybarite,
Sophisticate be mine tonight.
(She likes these words read in blasé
ambition,
I call her them all, but can't change
my position.)
A bit ambiguous that last remark.
At poetry never was a shark,
I hold your hand, I breathe your name,
My chest feels queer and taut,
Dawn would be grand if with it came,
Your shoes beneath my cot.



* * *

He calls his girl "Fire" because if he plays with her he gets burned and if he leaves her alone she goes out.

* * *

Does familiarity breed contempt?

Ans. — Yes, you've got to have familiarity to breed anything.

* * *

A psychology professor was taking statistics on a class. "How many," he asked, "would rather kiss a girl than dream about her?" All but one were in favor of kissing. "You seem to be different," said the professor. "How do you account for this rather abnormal preference?" "Well," replied the student, "I meet a better type of girl."

* * *

Mae West, in replying to a wire asking her to review the police, the army, and the navy in a demonstration in honor of the President's birthday, replied as follows: "CAN HANDLE THE NAVY MONDAY STOP CAN HANDLE THE ARMY TUESDAY STOP I CANNOT HANDLE THE POLICEMEN WEDNESDAY PERIOD."

* * *

Sir Edward Beatty was demonstrating the efficiency of the C.P.R. to a friend. He pressed a button and the office-boy came in.

Beatty—"How many bushels of wheat did the C.P.R. transport last year?"

Office-boy—"3,881,231.5 bushels, sir."

Beatty—"Very good. Now how late will that train from Chicago be when it arrives in Detroit?"

Office-boy—"One minute and thirty-two seconds, sir."

Beatty—"That's right. Thanks very much."

Turning triumphantly to his friend, he remarked upon the ability of the boy and at the same time rang for his stenographer. In walked the office-boy again. "I rang for Miss Jones," said Beatty. "What's the matter, is she sick?" "No, sir," replied the boy, "not till the tenth."

A girl who "no's"
Wears last year's clothes,
But one who "yesses"
Has lovely dresses.

* * *

SAD STORY OF A UKELELE PLAYER.

The girls were keen for Johnny Brown,
Around him they would fidget,
But now they all turn Johnny down;
He broke his second digit.

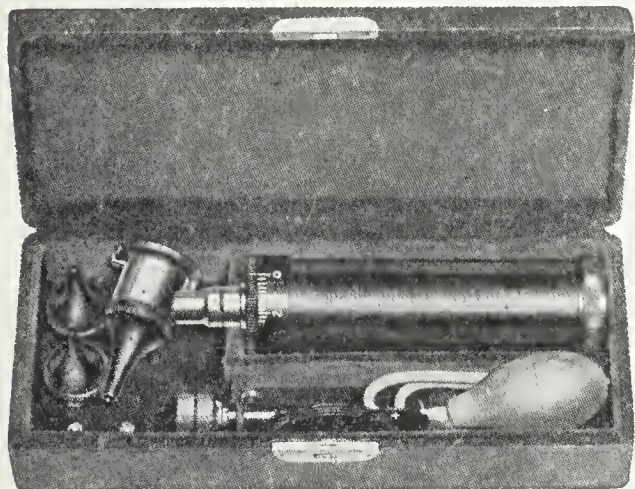
* * *

The butcher asked the lady fair
"What can I do for thee?"
The lady smiled and sweetly said,
"Just save a goose for me."

* * *

Jack and Jill went up a hill
But not to get some water.
When Jack came down he wore a
frown
Jill said he hadn't oughter.

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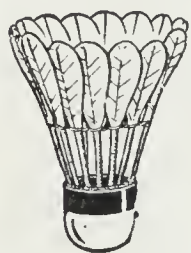
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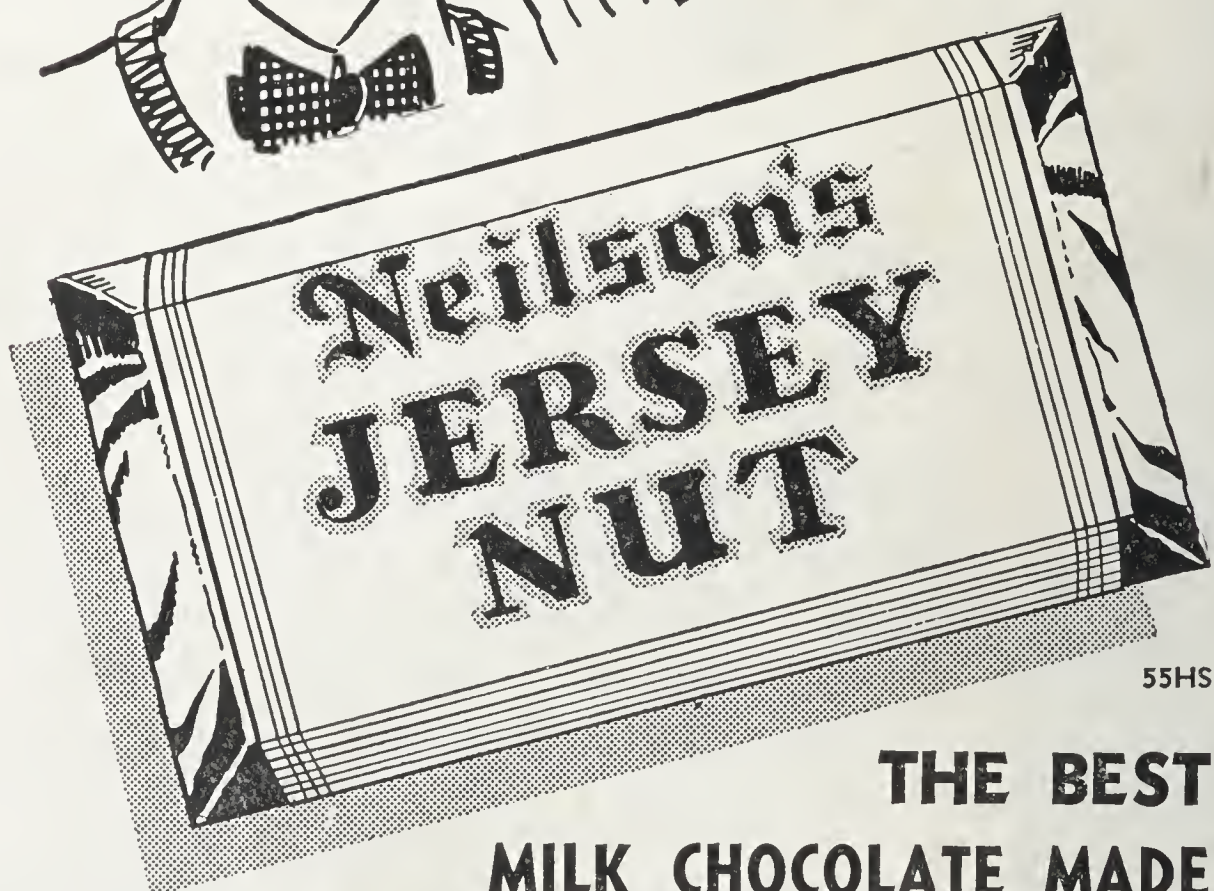
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